

THE HUMAN TORCH

10¢

NO.
21

WINTER ISSUE

COMICS





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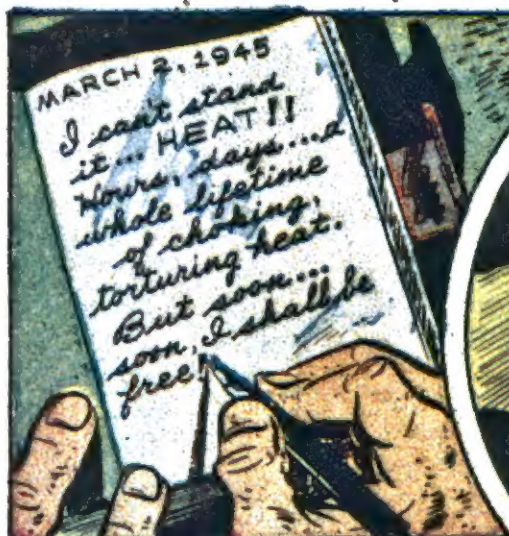
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DAVE MINOR Room 54-MM, 230 East Ohio Street
CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

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THE HUMAN TORCH





HERE IN MY DIARY IS THE DAY-TO-
DAY RECORD OF MY STRUGGLE
AGAINST THE WORLD! WHY, THIS
VERY FIRST ENTRY SHOWED I WAS
SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER CHILD!

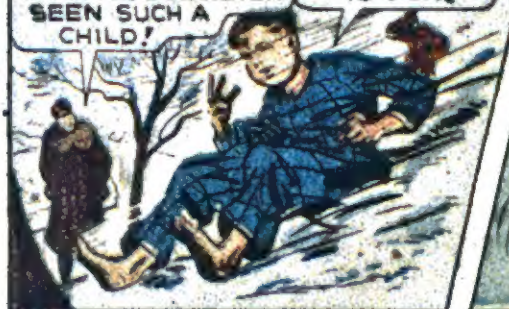


JANUARY 2, 1977

This morning, mom caught
me playing outside in the snow
in my pajamas...

COME IN HERE THIS
MINUTE! I'VE NEVER
SEEN SUCH A
CHILD!

WHEE! THIS
IS FUN!



Boy did I get a lickin'!



A LICKING WASN'T THE
ONLY THING I GOT. FROM
THAT TIME ON, I HAD A
NEW NICKNAME—SNOW-
BALL! AND I MADE THAT
NAME FAMOUS! I DIDN'T
REALLY GET STARTED UN-
TIL I WAS 47, THEN...



JUNE 15, 1921

Unbearably hot today... Had to sit on a
cake of ice... and it cost me my job!

I DECLARE, YOU'VE BEEN OUT
THERE A HALF HOUR MELTING
THE ICE I PAID FOR!...I'LL
REPORT YOU TO THE ICE
COMPANY!

WHO CARES? IT'S
TOO HOT TO WORK!



NOVEMBER 27, 1941

*Today I lost my second job...
Nobody understands me!*

WHAT'S IN THE COLD
ROOM AGAIN? SNOW-
BALL--YOU'RE FIRED!

OKAY! BUT I
WARN YOU,
SOMEDAY
YOU'LL BE
SORRY!



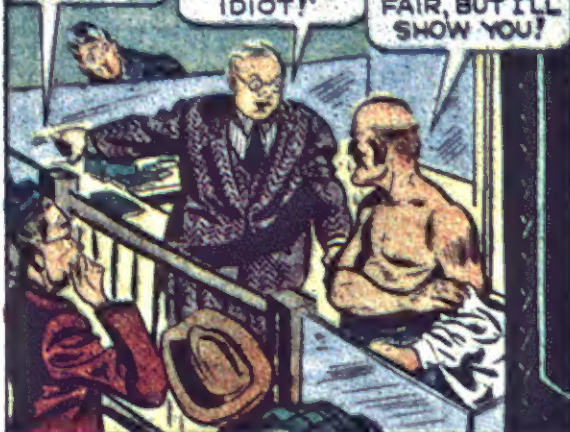
JULY 3, 1943

*Today I lost my job as bank
teller. The air conditioning went
on the blink...and so did I!*

SHOCKING!

GET OUT OF
HERE, YOU
IDIOT!

HEAT! I CAN'T
TAKE IT...NOT
FAIR, BUT I'LL
SHOW YOU!



SEPTEMBER 9, 1944

*Today I got a
job in Hollywood
the city of
overnight
riches, as
snow effects
man for
seasonal
studios, at
\$250 a week.
At last my
genius is
appreciated!*

BOY! WHAT A JOB..
WHAT A JOB! JUST
THE TEMPERATURE
MY BODY CRAVES!

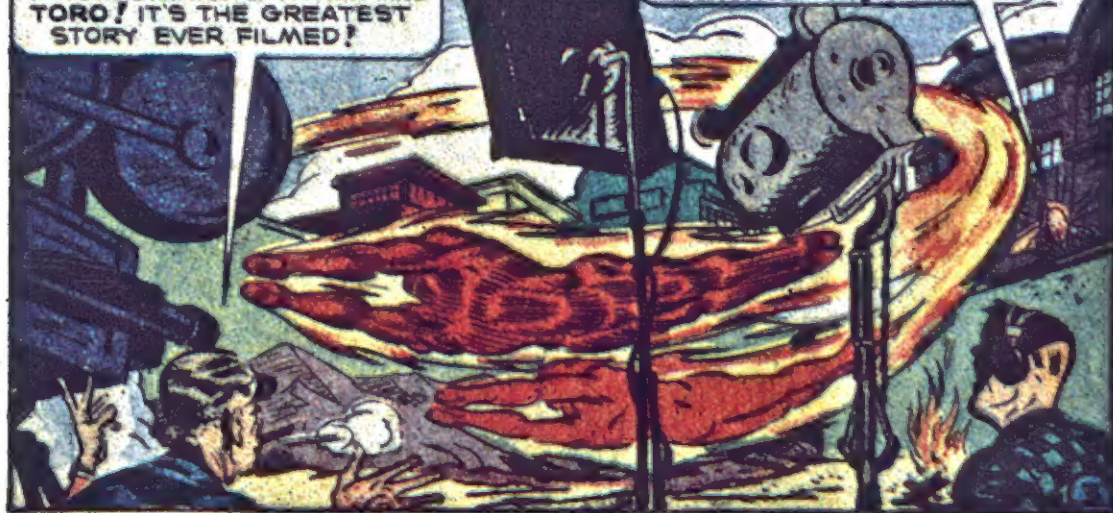
I'VE BEEN SO BUSY, I DON'T
KNOW WHAT THEY'RE FILMING!
BETTER HAVE A LOOK BEFORE
THEY MOVE OVER ON TO MY
SET!

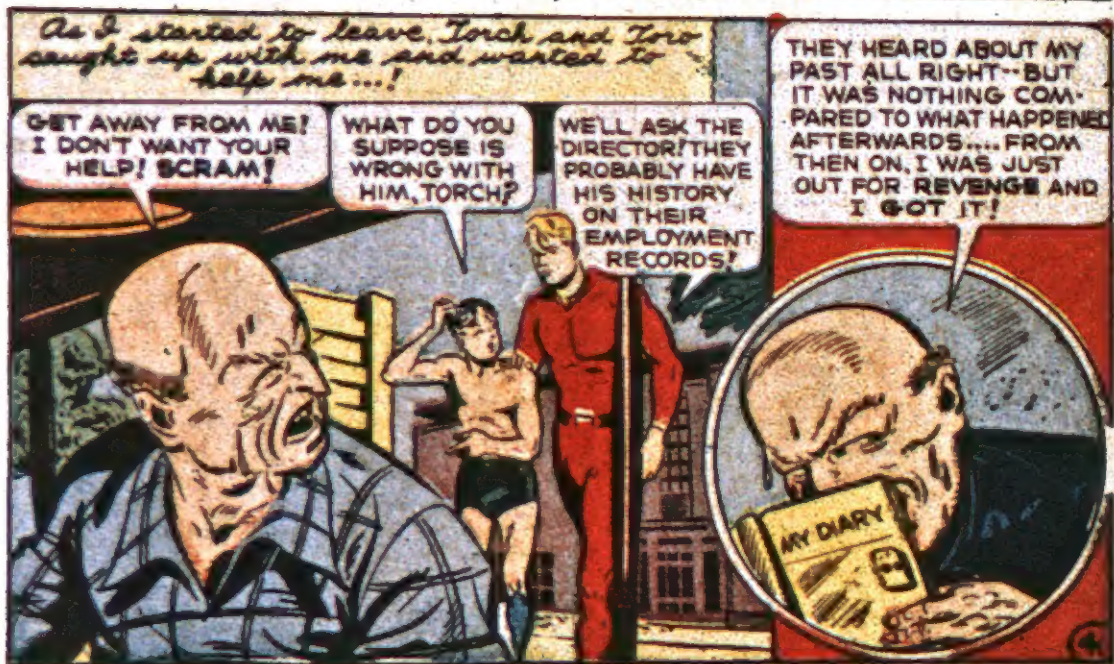


...When I saw what the set-up was, I almost fainted over!

TERRIFIC! THE HISTORY OF
FIRE... STARRING TORCH AND
TORO! IT'S THE GREATEST
STORY EVER FILMED!

FIRE! THE HISTORY OF
FIRE!





OCTOBER 2, 1944

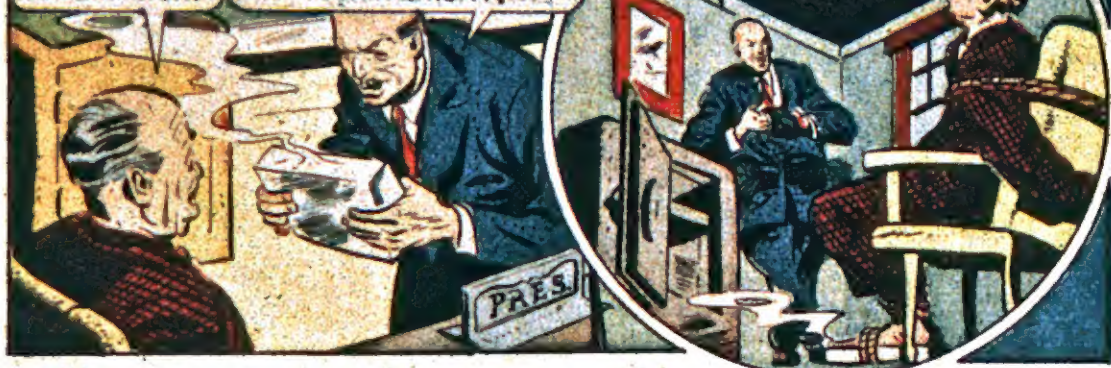
Today I visited the Ice Company that once fired me...

NO, I HAVEN'T GOT THE SAFE COMBINATION!

MAYBE DRY ICE UNDER YOUR FEET WILL REFRESH YOUR MEMORY!

YOU FIRED ME... I'LL FREEZE YOU! HA-HA!

BBEOW! I CAN'T STAND IT!



NOVEMBER 5, 1944

Today I struck again... I visited the head waiter who fired me...

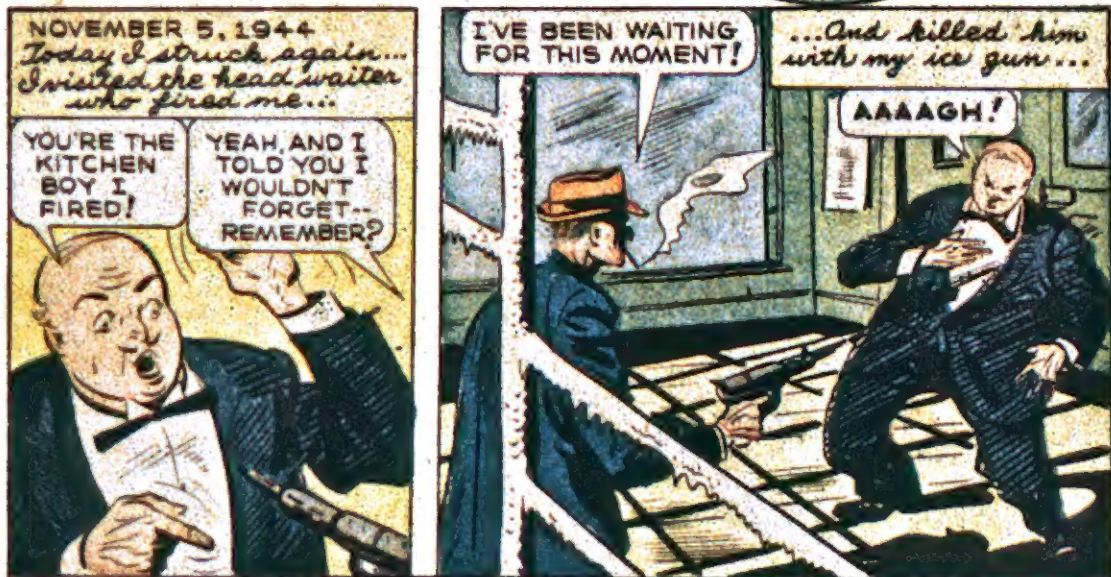
YOU'RE THE KITCHEN BOY I FIRED!

YEAH, AND I TOLD YOU I WOULDN'T FORGET--REMEMBER?

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS MOMENT!

...And killed him with my ice gun...

AAAAGH!



MAY 16, 1945

Today I staged another holdup using my hand organ... It really is a powerful freezing machine!!

LOOK! IT'S SNOWBALL!

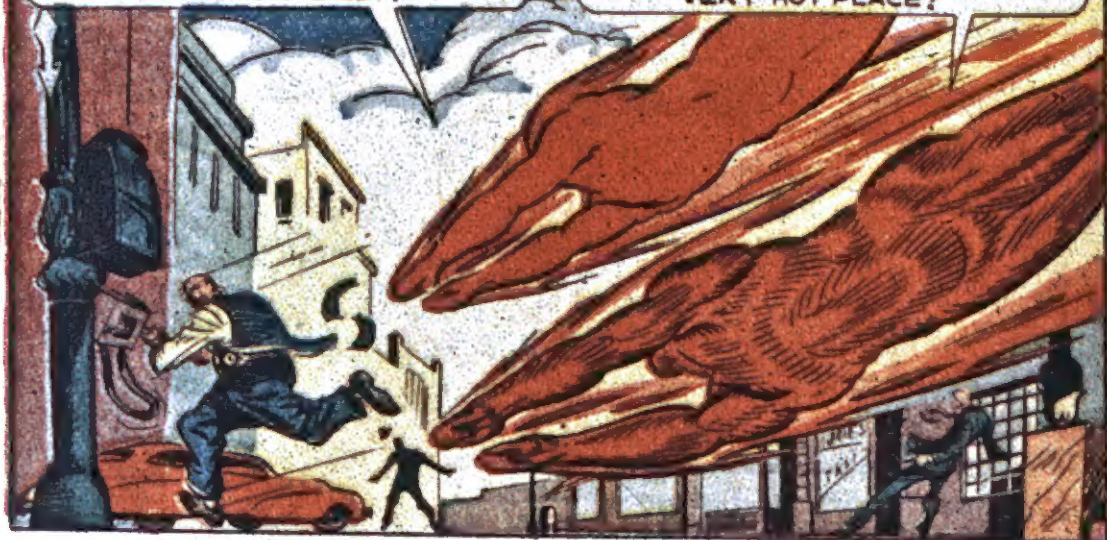
BREAK THESE WINDOWS BEFORE EVERYONE FREEZES TO DEATH!

THEY'RE WISE TO ME, BUT I'M READY FOR 'EM--I'LL MAKE FOR THE CAR PRONTO!



SOMETHING TELLS ME WE SHOULD HAVE NAILED THIS GUY BACK ON THE SENSATIONAL LOT!

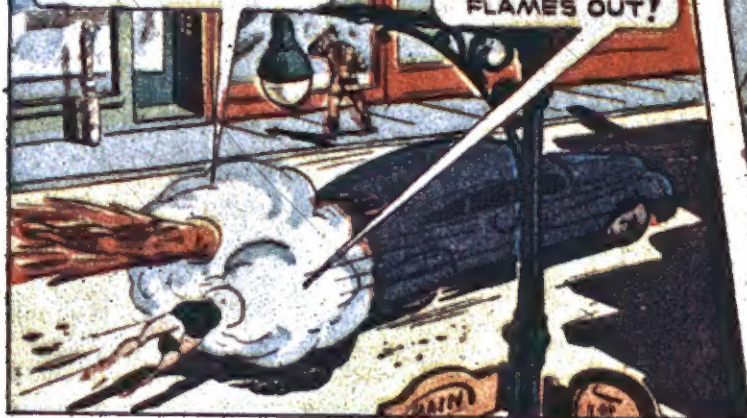
WE'LL GET HIM YET... AND WHEN WE DO, HE'S GOING TO END UP IN A VERY HOT PLACE!



They reached the car and I let 'em have it!!!

WATCH OUT, TORO-- THAT VAPOR!!

(COUGH, COUGH)
IT'S PUTTING OUR FLAMES OUT!



TOO BAD--BUT AT LEAST WE KNOW HOW HE OPERATES!

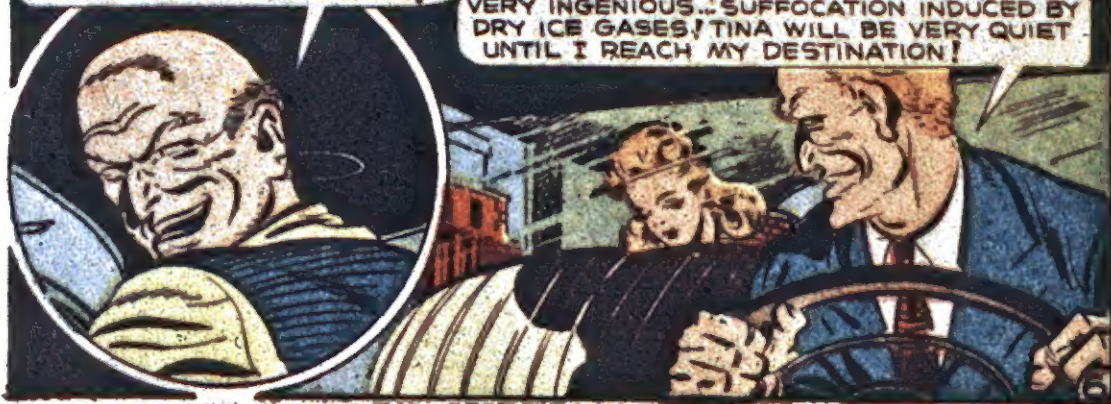
YEAH! ACCORDING TO HIS RECORD, HE OUGHT TO BE OUT TO GET BOTH US AND SENSATIONAL STUDIOS NEXT!



AH, MY PRECIOUS FIREBUGS! IF YOU ONLY KNEW WHAT I HAVE IN STORE FOR YOU! TO-MORROW, SNOWBALL STRIKES AGAIN!

MAY 17--1945
Today, I kidnapped Sensational's famous Ice Skater, Tina Drenka...

VERY INGENIOUS... SUFFOCATION INDUCED BY DRY ICE GASES! TINA WILL BE VERY QUIET UNTIL I REACH MY DESTINATION!



MAYBE THOSE TWO FIRE BUGS DIDN'T KNOW EXACTLY WHERE I'D STRIKE NEXT, BUT IF THEY'RE AS SMART AS I THINK THEY ARE, THEY'LL FOLLOW MY TRAIL RIGHT INTO A PERFECT TRAP!

When the girl came to...

WHAT P.W. WHERE AM I?

KIDNAPPED, MY DEAR! FOR RANSOM AND BAITING A TRAP! BUT NOW I MUST WATCH TWO CLEVER GENTLEMEN AT WORK!

HE MUST BE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD--THERE'S HIS LIMOUSINE!

SURE... BUT SAY, THAT FURNACE SHOP... DO YOU SUPPOSE...?

AH, NOW THEY'RE COOKING WITH GAS... AS THE SAYING GOES!

FURNACES

IT WON'T TAKE THEM LONG NOW, AND THEN I CAN CLIMAX MY BRILLIANT CRIME CAREER!



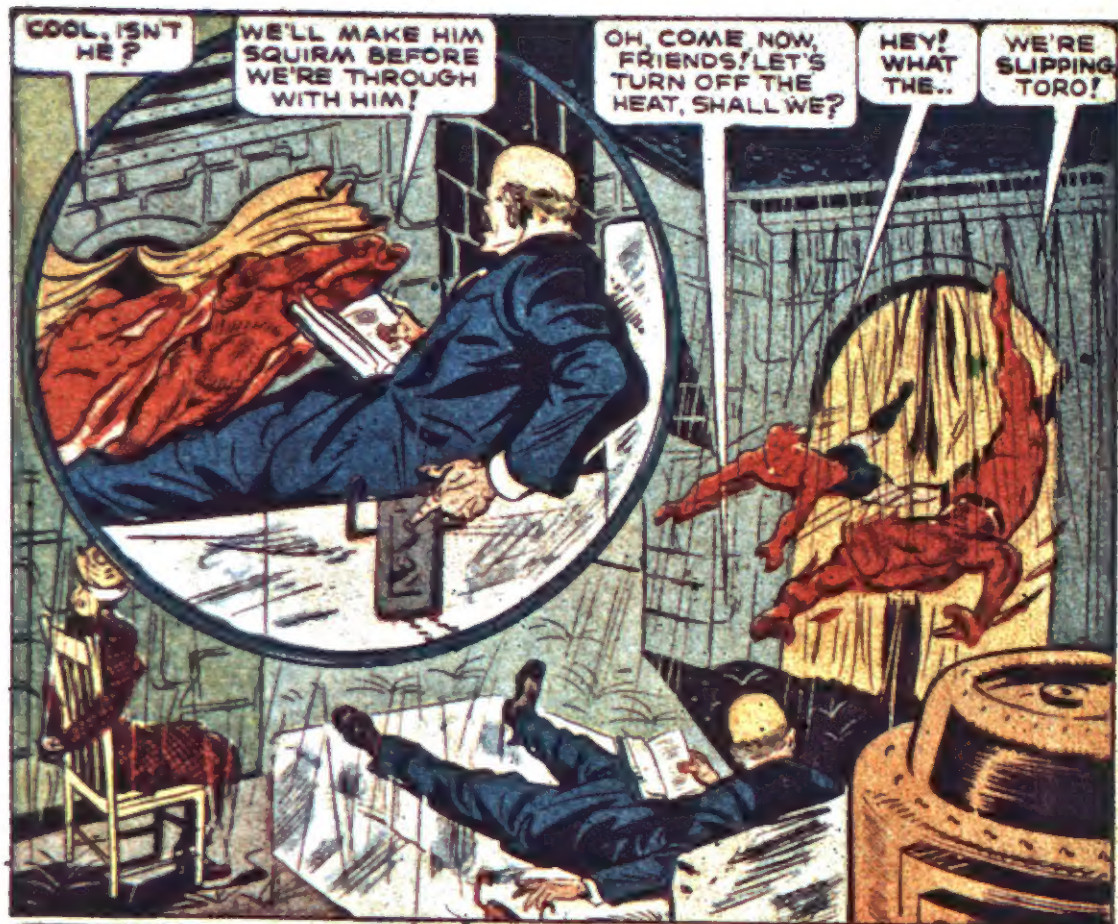
Before very long...

THERE HE IS, TORCH... SNOWBALL... IN PERSON!

YEAH, THE HUMAN ICICLE!

AH, I SEE I HAVE CALLERS! WELCOME, GENTLEMEN!





COOL, ISN'T HE?

WE'LL MAKE HIM SQUIRM BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH WITH HIM!

OH, COME NOW, FRIENDS! LET'S TURN OFF THE HEAT, SHALL WE?

HEY! WHAT THE..

WE'RE SLIPPING TORO!

I had them where I wanted them...

IN ANOTHER MINUTE, THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO WILL BE JUST A COUPLE OF BRITTLE ICE STATUES!

READY TORO?

GIVE HIM THE WORKS!



when suddenly, while my attention was focused on Tina...

ALL OF YOU FROZEN STATUES... BUT TINA, IMMORTALIZED IN ICE, GOES WITH ME TO THE FROZEN NORTH!



those two had a trick up their sleeve!

AT LAST, SNOWBALL ACHIEVES REVENGE! UH! THAT HEAT! I'M BURNING UP!



YOU SHOULD BE, SNOWBALL!
THIS IS A LITTLE TRICK OF
OURS CALLED A DIATHERMY
MACHINE!



*Diathermy Machines! I thought I'd
die of the heat!*

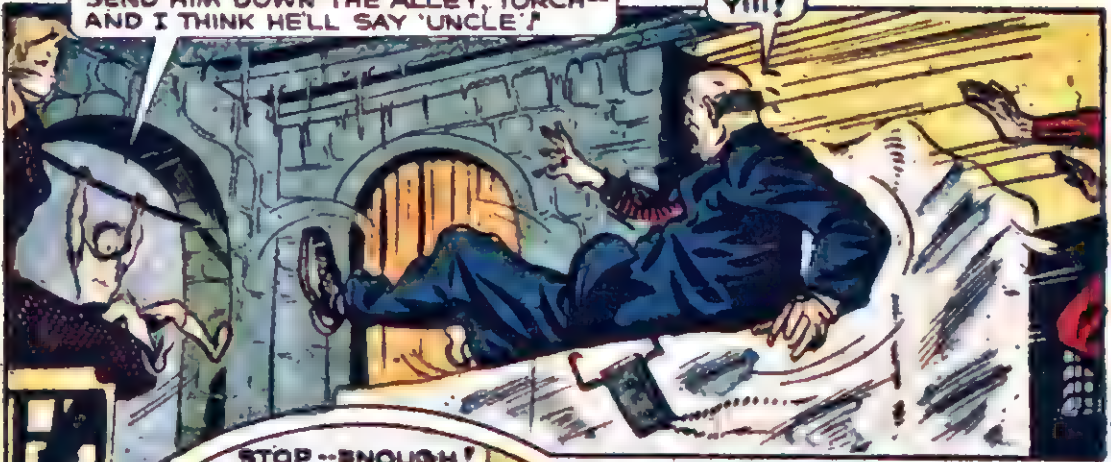
CAN'T STAND IT! THIS
HEAT-IT'S AWFUL! TURN
THAT MACHINE OFF!

GET SET, TORO! WE'VE
FIDDLER AROUND
LONG ENOUGH!



SEND HIM DOWN THE ALLEY, TORCH--
AND I THINK HE'LL SAY 'UNCLE'!

YIII!



STOP--ENOUGH!
YOU'RE KILLIN' ME
.... UGHH!



*I was licked all
right!*

YES... I WAS LICKED BY
THE HUMAN TORCH AND
TORO... BAH! THEY WEREN'T
REALLY CLEVER... I OUT-
WITTED THEM TWICE...
AND I'D HAVE WON IF
THEY HADN'T BEEN SO
CONFOUNDED LUCKY!



IT WAS PURE LUCK
THAT THEY CAUGHT
ME--THE CLEVEREST
OUTLAW THAT EVER
PUT A MIND TO
CRIME--EH? OH,
IT'S YOU!

TIME'S UP,
SNOWBALL!
THEY'RE
WAITING
FOR YOU!

ALL RIGHT, GUARD, LEAD ME
TO YOUR PUNISHMENT--
THE HOT SEAT! IT CAN'T BE
ANY WORSE THAN THE HEAT
I'VE SUFFERED ALL MY LIFE!

THERE HE
GOES, TORCH!

WHAT AN IRONIC
END FOR A
CHARACTER LIKE
SNOWBALL!

YES--HE MIGHT HAVE
USED HIS UNIQUE
TALENTS TO BENEFIT
SOCIETY--BUT HE TOOK
THE EASY WAY, TORO!

HHMM!
SNOWBALL'S
DIARY--THE AUTO-
BIOGRAPHY OF ONE OF
THE COOLEST MURDERERS
IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME!

"DEATH
WRITES A
DIARY"--
A FITTING
TITLE, ISN'T IT?
AND I'LL MAKE
THE LAST ENTRY
NOW!

... But soon
I shall be
free, free as
I've never been
as long as I can
remember--

Goodbye!
Snowball

The End

HUMAN TORCH

IT ALL BE-
GINS WITH
A PICTURE
A SIMPLE LAND-
SCAPE OF
BRIGHT COLOR
THAT BLAZES
A GORY PATH,
HIGHLIGHTING
A PERILOUS
TRAIL THE
FAMED TWO-
SOME, TORCH
AND TORO,
TAKE TO UN-
RAVEL A SINIS-
TER SCHEME,
IN THE CASE OF
"THE HOUSE
THAT CHANGED
COLOR!"



TORCH AND TORO ARE ON A VACATION AT THE SEA-SHORE...

GOSH, THERE'S ONE THING ABOUT A HOLIDAY. IT GETS A FELLOW LAZIER AND LAZIER. SAY, TORCH, AS YOU'VE SAID MANY TIMES, AN IMPORTANT ELEMENT IN CRIME DETECTION IS THAT OF OBSERVATION.

YES. YOU KNOW THE SEA COVE ART SHOP DOWN THE BEACH? THERE'S A PAINTING ON EXHIBIT OUTSIDE CALLED "COUNTRY HOUSE". DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT COLOR THE HOUSE IS?

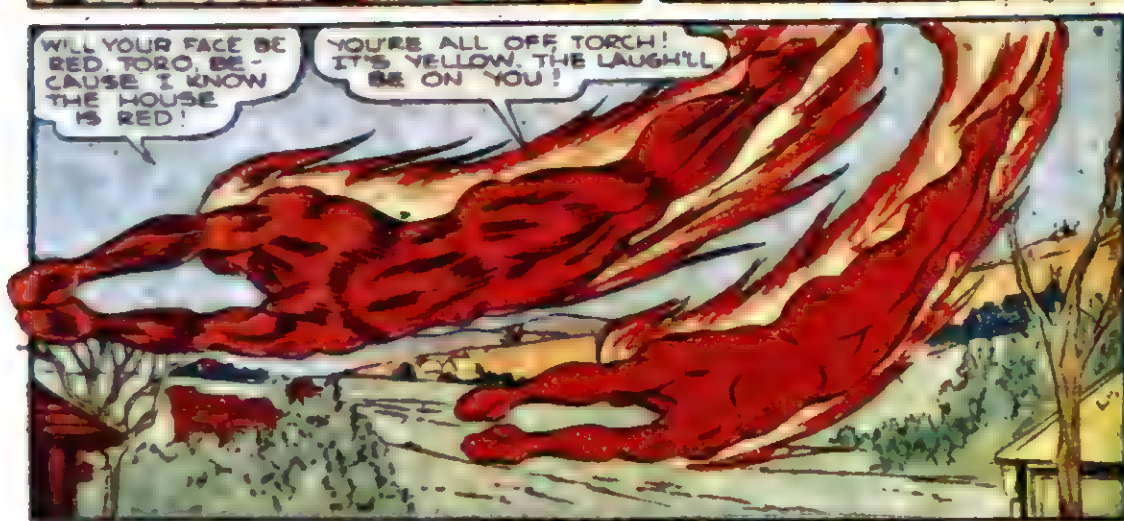
SURE, I REMEMBER IT CLEARLY. THE HOUSE IS YELLOW.

LAD, YOU ARE SLIPPING. THAT HOUSE IS PAINTED RED. AND TO PROVE IT, WE'LL GO OVER TO THE ART SHOP NOW!



WILL YOUR FACE BE RED, TORO, BECAUSE I KNOW THE HOUSE IS RED!

YOU'RE ALL OFF TORCH! IT'S YELLOW. THE LAUGH'LL BE ON YOU!



THE PAIR PUT THEIR QUESTION TO THE PROPRIETOR...

"COUNTRY HOUSE"? THE HOUSE IS YELLOW... I SOLD IT THIS MORNING. DO YOU WISH TO SEE OTHER PAINTINGS?

OH, WE'RE NOT INTERESTED IN BUYING WE CAME TO SETTLE AN ARGUMENT.

GULP!

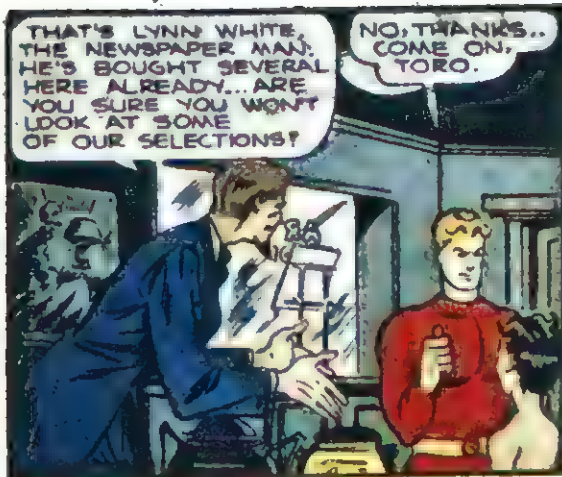


OH, MR. WHITE ARE YOU INTERESTED IN THAT PAINTING?

VERY MUCH! IT'S A SALE. SEND IT TO MY HOUSE

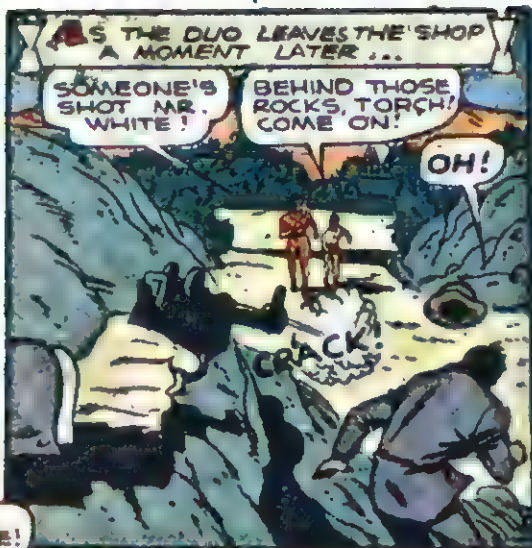
BUT I WAS SURE IT WAS RED.





THAT'S LYNN WHITE, THE NEWSPAPER MAN. HE'S BOUGHT SEVERAL HERE ALREADY...ARE YOU SURE YOU WON'T LOOK AT SOME OF OUR SELECTIONS?

NO, THANKS... COME ON, TORO.



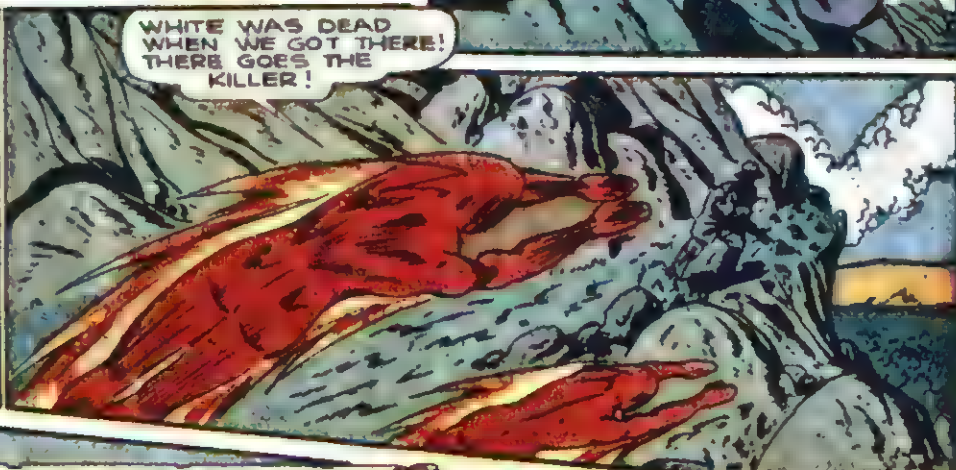
SOMEONE'S SHOT MR. WHITE!

BEHIND THOSE ROCKS, TORO! COME ON!

OH!

CRACK!

IN FLASH SECONDS, THE HUMAN FIRE-BRANDS PURSUE A KILLER... WHILE POLICE CLOSE IN BELOW!

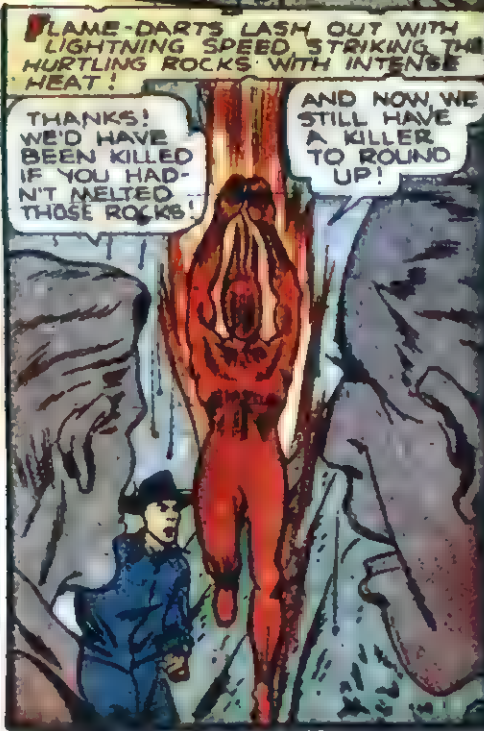


WHITE WAS DEAD WHEN WE GOT THERE! THERE GOES THE KILLER!



FURTHER UP, TORO AND TORO ARE ABOUT TO CLOSE IN ON THE KILLER WHEN CRAFTY HANDS SUDDENLY DISLodge A BOULDER...AND...

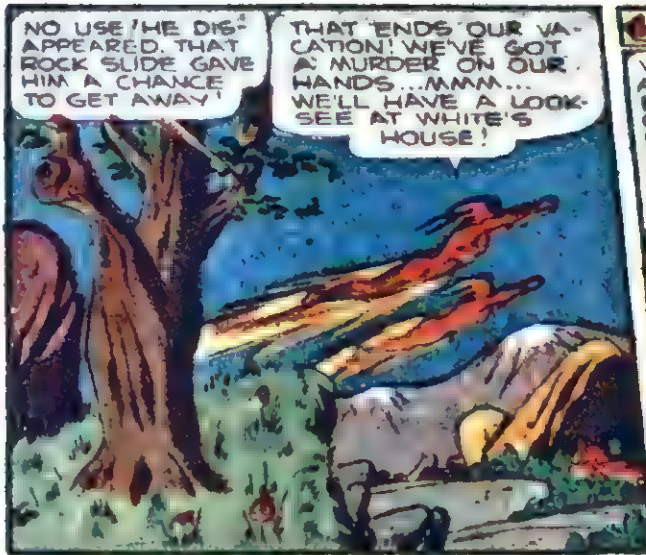
HE STARTED A ROCK-SLIDE! IT'LL KILL THEM BELOW! QUICK, LAD!



FLAME-DARTS LASH OUT WITH LIGHTNING SPEED STRIKING THE HURLING ROCKS WITH INTENSE HEAT!

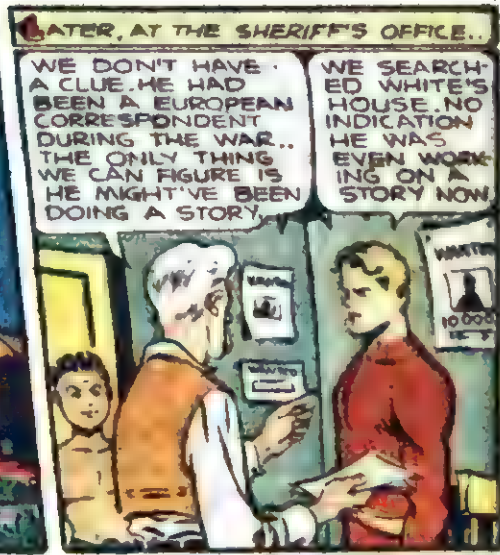
THANKS! WE'D HAVE BEEN KILLED IF YOU HADN'T MELTED THOSE ROCKS!

AND NOW WE STILL HAVE A KILLER TO ROUND UP!



NO USE! HE DIS-
APPEARED. THAT
ROCK SLIDE GAVE
HIM A CHANCE
TO GET AWAY!

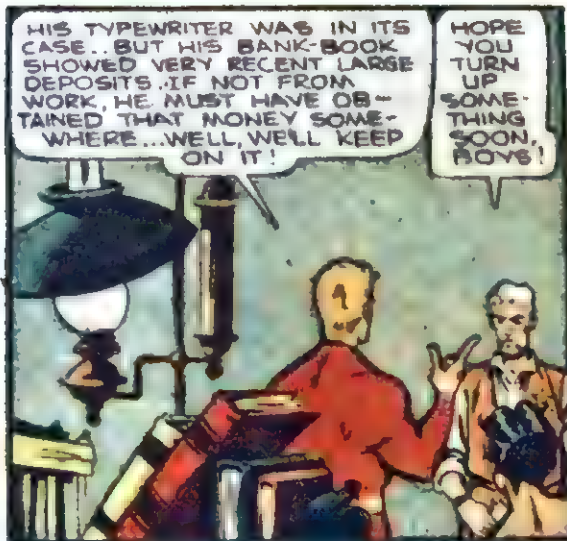
THAT ENDS OUR VA-
CATION! WE'VE GOT
A MURDER ON OUR
HANDS...MMM...
WE'LL HAVE A LOOK-
SEE AT WHITE'S
HOUSE!



LATER, AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

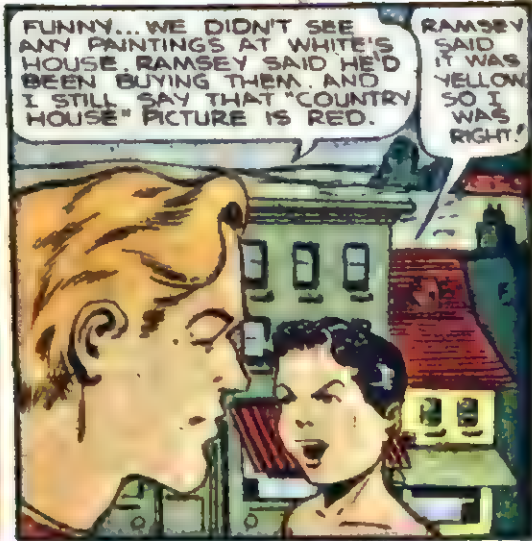
WE DON'T HAVE
A CLUE. HE HAD
BEEN A EUROPEAN
CORRESPONDENT
DURING THE WAR...
THE ONLY THING
WE CAN FIGURE IS
HE MIGHT'VE BEEN
DOING A STORY.

WE SEARCH-
ED WHITE'S
HOUSE. NO
INDICATION
HE WAS
EVEN WORK-
ING ON A
STORY NOW.



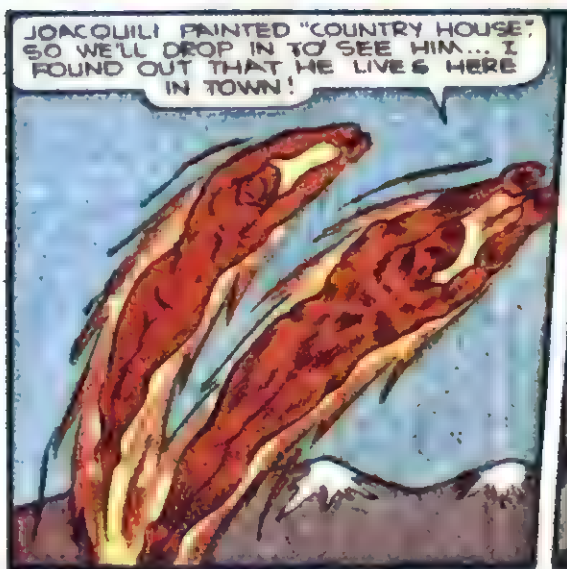
HIS TYPEWRITER WAS IN ITS
CASE... BUT HIS BANK BOOK
SHOWED VERY RECENT LARGE
DEPOSITS... IF NOT FROM
WORK, HE MUST HAVE OB-
TAINED THAT MONEY SOME-
WHERE... WELL, WE'LL KEEP
ON IT!

HOPE
YOU
TURN
UP
SOME-
THING
SOON,
BOYS!

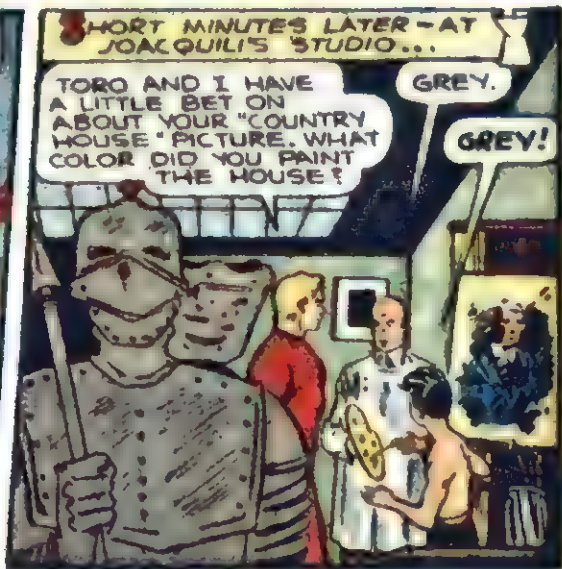


FUNNY... WE DIDN'T SEE
ANY PAINTINGS AT WHITE'S
HOUSE. RAMSEY SAID HE'D
BEEN BUYING THEM. AND
I STILL SAY THAT "COUNTRY
HOUSE" PICTURE IS RED.

RAMSEY
SAID
IT WAS
YELLOW.
SO I WAS
RIGHT!



JOAQUILI PAINTED "COUNTRY HOUSE"
SO WE'LL DROP IN TO SEE HIM... I
FOUND OUT THAT HE LIVES HERE
IN TOWN!

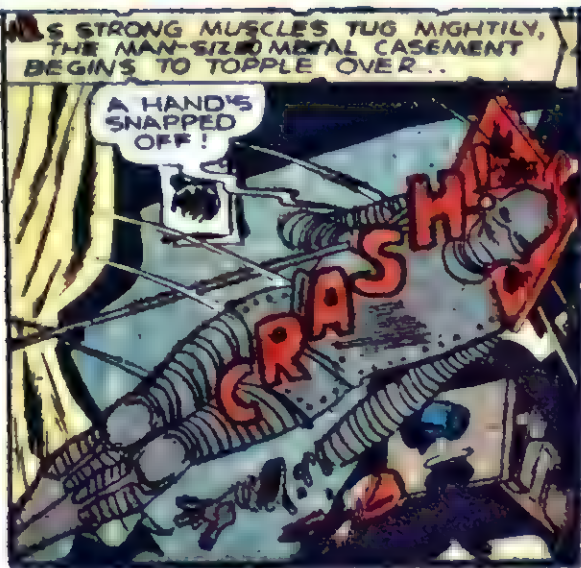
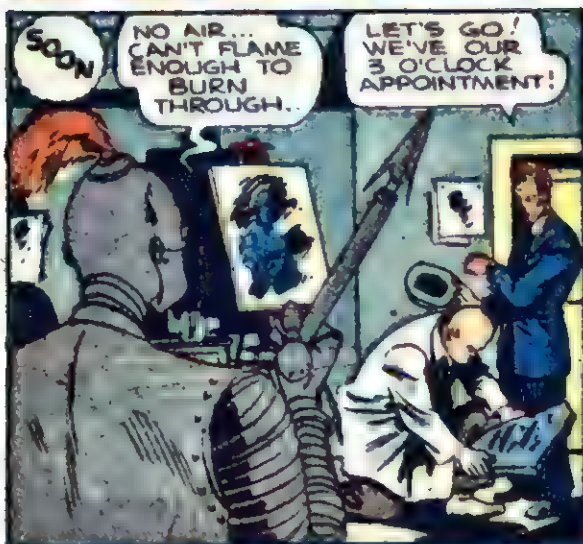
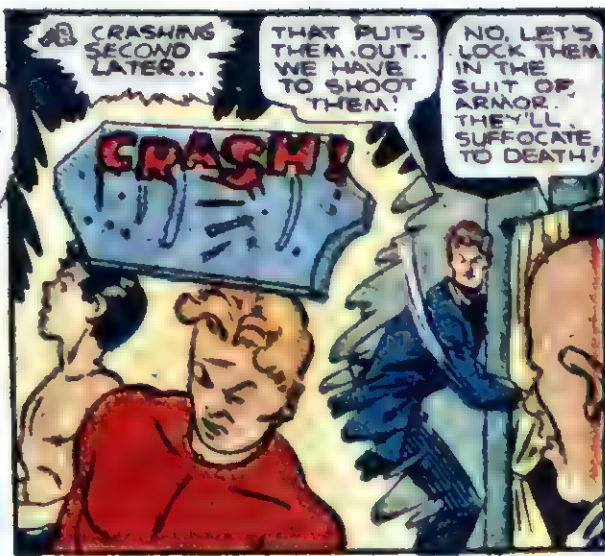
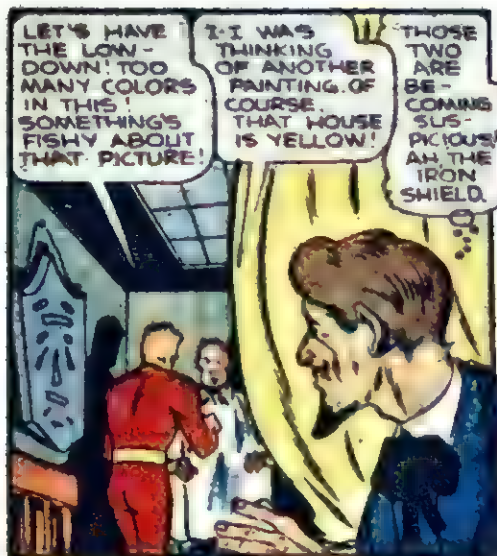


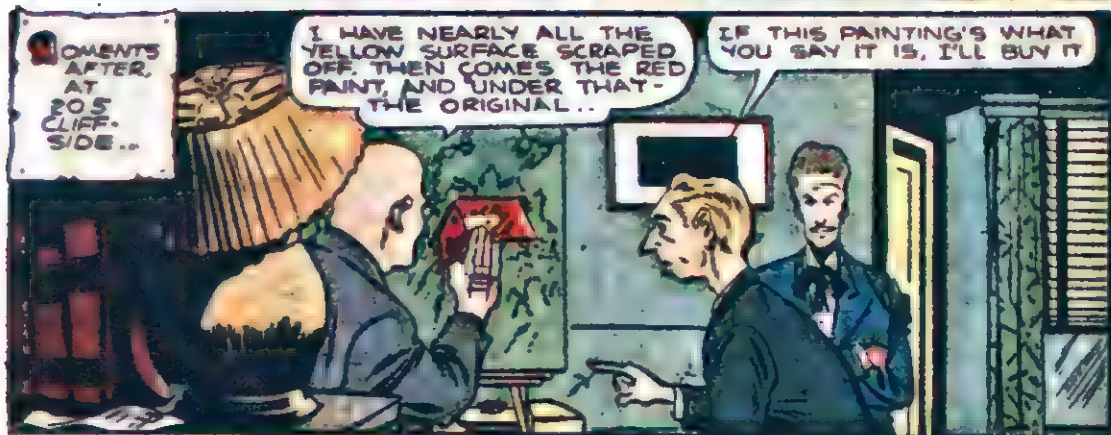
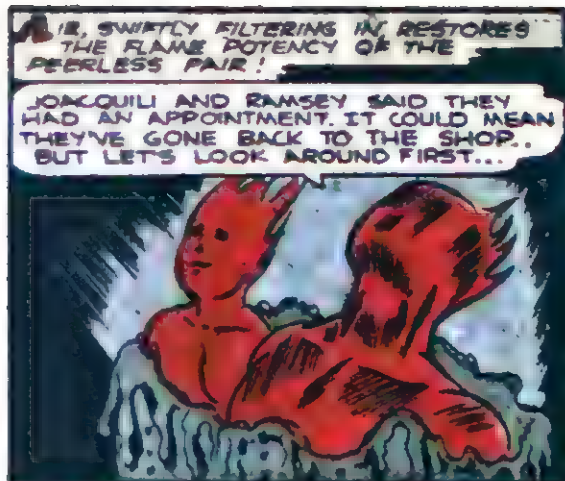
SHORT MINUTES LATER - AT
JOAQUILI'S STUDIO...

TORO AND I HAVE
A LITTLE BET ON
ABOUT YOUR "COUNTRY
HOUSE" PICTURE. WHAT
COLOR DID YOU PAINT
THE HOUSE?

GREY.

GREY!





THE FLEEING CRIMINAL MAKES HIS DASH OF FREEDOM TOWARD AN OPEN WINDOW - BUT....

I'LL DIVE IN - AND MAKE FOR MY BOAT...

GULP!

NO USE, RAMSEY! YOU'RE BETWEEN FIRE AND WATER!

600 FT LONG AFTER - AT HEADQUARTERS

WHITE STOLE A NUMBER OF MASTERPIECES WHEN HE WAS WAR CORRESPONDENT IN ITALY. HE WAS ALWAYS ONE FOR MAKING BIG MONEY...

GO ON! JOACQUILI, HE HIRED YOU, TO REPAINT THE MASTERPIECES?

YES. I WAS IN ITALY THEN.

JOACQUILI MADE THE PAINTINGS LOOK LIKE CHEAP HACK WORK. IN THAT WAY, WHITE WAS ABLE TO GET THEM THROUGH THE CUSTOMS AND INTO THIS COUNTRY.

AND YOU SOLD THEM TO UN-SCRUPULOUS CLIENTS, LIKE MARKHAM.

WHAT ABOUT WHITE? WHY WAS HE KILLED?

HE WANTED TOO BIG A CUT IN THE SALES. SO JOACQUILI DID THE JOB ON HIM.

TAKE THEM AWAY, MEN!

JOACQUILI! I WANT TO BE SURE ABOUT THIS PAINT BUSINESS. THE ORIGINAL HAD A WHITE HOUSE. YOU PAINTED IT RED...

WHEN I CAME TO THE SEA-SHORE I THEN DECIDED IT LOOKED BETTER GREY, BUT I USED SUCH CHEAP PAINT, THE SALT SPRAYS TURNED IT YELLOW OVERNIGHT...

I SAW THE HOUSE IN ITS RED STAGE - YOU SAW IT WHEN IT TURNED YELLOW. WE BOTH WERE RIGHT!

IF WE DIDN'T HAVE THAT ARGUMENT, WE'D HAVE MISSED UP ON THIS CASE!

WISH I COULD MISS UP ON SOMETHING MY WIFE THROWS!

THE END

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

JIM STEVENS plodded through the woods, seething inwardly. He couldn't seem to pull himself together. He had just come from Gary Kellogg's house, and Kellogg's leering tones still rang in his ears.

"You're plumb out o' luck, Stevens," Kellogg had sneered. "That tract o' land ain't yours no more! You hadn't ought to let your taxes mount up, and you wouldn't have lost it."

All of which was absolutely true, Stevens was forced to admit to himself. But on the other hand, it had been the poorest trapping season Whitcomb County had known. It wasn't that Jim and his wife, Molly, had thrown their money to the winds rather than pay taxes; it was just that there hadn't been any money coming in at all.

Dusk was falling as Jim broke his way through the snow-covered underbrush toward the path that led to his cabin. Molly would be waiting in there, slow, patient, easy-going Molly, waiting for her Jim to come home to dinner. And Jim couldn't find the words to break the news to his wife—the news that Kellogg wanted them out of the cabin the first thing in the morning. Poor Molly! She was forever looking at the brighter side of things, only this time there was no bright side. Kellogg was known the county over for his sharp dealings, and Jim Stevens was returning home with the knowledge that Kellogg would enforce his new rights to the hilt.

A cheery spiral of smoke was rising from the cabin as Jim neared it. Peering out the window, an anxious frown scoring her face, was Molly. Her face brightened as Jim entered.

"You're late, Jim. And you must be starving. I've had dinner waiting for an hour."

Jim patted his wife's shoulder. "You go ahead without me, Molly. I don't feel much like eatin' right now." Jim crossed to the rocking chair in front of the fire and sat down.

Molly looked over at her husband. "I guess Kellogg said we had to go. I guess there's about as much use tryin' to get mercy out of him as expectin' a mule to sing like a canary bird."

Jim Stevens rose from his chair. Slowly the sense of injustice he'd felt these past few weeks began to grow within him. Normally a calm and passive man, his resentment against Kellogg began to seethe within him. "If I could only get back at him some way," muttered Jim as he paced the room. "There must be some way to even the score."

Molly's blue eyes darkened in concern. "Jim," she crossed hurriedly over to her husband. "That's no way to speak! Just because Kellogg's done something wrong doesn't mean you've got to spite him."

"But I can't stand the thought of him gettin' away with such a lowdown trick! Another couple of weeks and we'd have had the money for the taxes... the tax people were willin' to wait! But they couldn't turn down his offer when he came to them with the cold cash in his fist. They had to abide by the county laws!" Jim's face was purple with rage.

"I know all that," remonstrated Molly. "I know Gary Kellogg's a mean, ornery man. But it isn't for you or me to deal out justice to him, Jim."

You know the Arabs always say 'an eye for an eye—and a tooth for a tooth'—and someday Kellogg will get paid back for what he's done."

Suddenly Molly broke off. Jim had his hat and mackinaw on and was opening the cabin door.

"Where are you going, Jim?" Molly asked, trying to keep her alarm out of her voice.

"Don't worry, honey—I'm just going down the road a piece to check on the bear trap I set yesterday. If there's something in it, we sure could use it when we set out tomorrow morning." Jim kissed his wife's cheek lightly and was gone before she could reply.

But once outside, his lips set in a grim, thin line. "I couldn't tell Molly, but I can't stand it! I'm goin' over to see Kellogg and throttle him within an inch of his life. He don't deserve to live." And Jim set out for the path by which he had only lately returned to his home.

Plunging through the heavy brush, a half hour later Jim reached Gary Kellogg's door. Straining to gain control over his mounting rage, he knocked at the door.

"Just a minute," a voice called—a strange voice. And a second later, the door opened. There stood Bill Winston, the county tax treasurer.

"Why, Jim," said Winston. "How come you're here? I've been waiting here for Kellogg, but I haven't seen hide nor hair of him. Thought he went over to your place."

"My place?" Jim was taken aback.

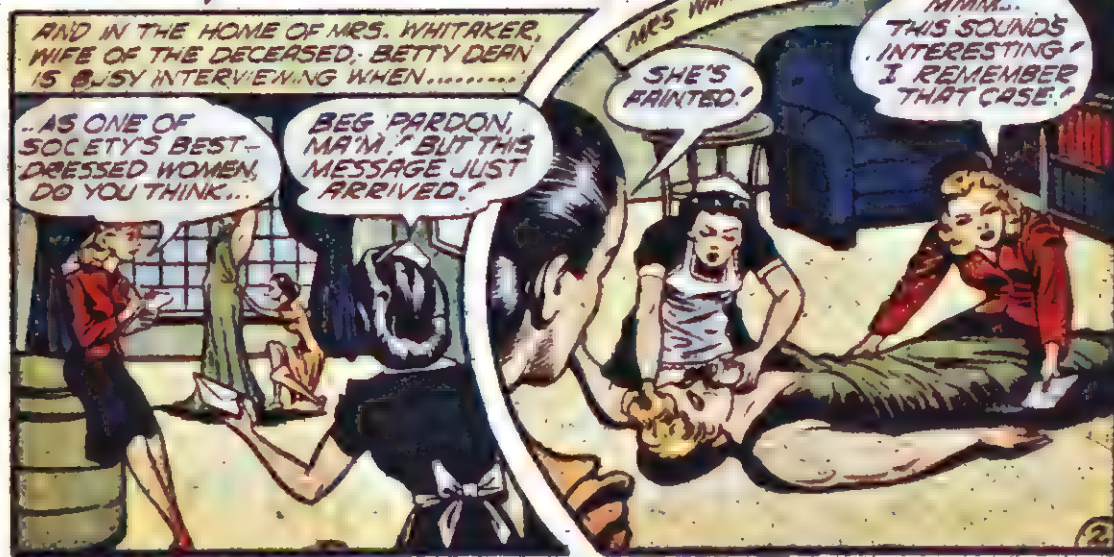
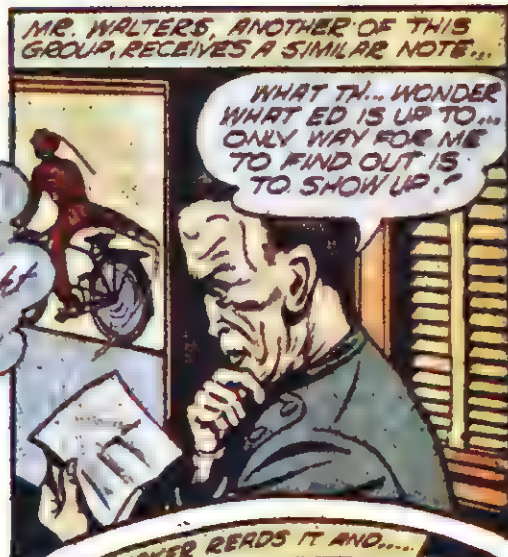
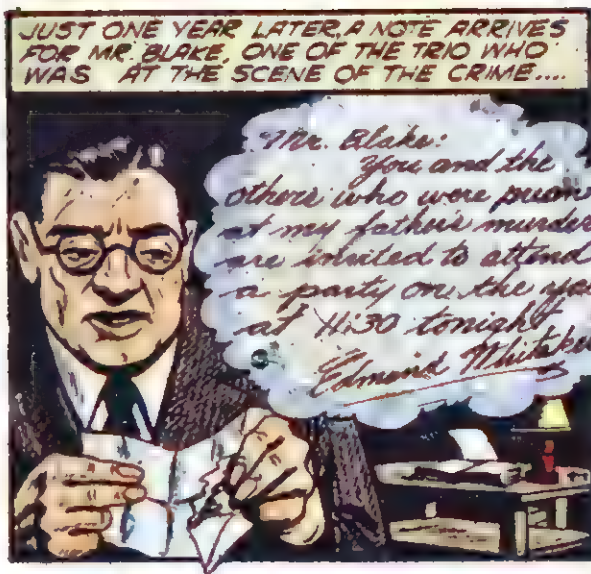
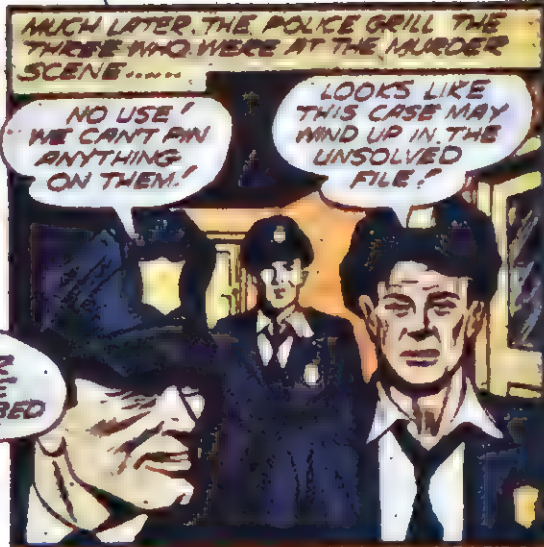
"Why, yes. Matter of fact, that's why I'm here. Kellogg

THREE PEOPLE ... AND ONE IS A DEADLY KILLER ... WHICH ONE??? ... WHICH ONE OF THE TRIO STRIKES SILENTLY, STEALTHILY IN THE DARKNESS WITH DEADLY HAND???

... THE KEEN-WITTED, IRON-FISTED PERIL-MARKER FINDS HIMSELF HANGING OF LIFE-POUSLY ON THE BORDER LINE OF LIFE AND DEATH AS HE PLUNGES INTO THE HAIR-TINGLING CASE OF....

MURDER IN BLACKOUT!

MURDER
IN
BLACKOUT!



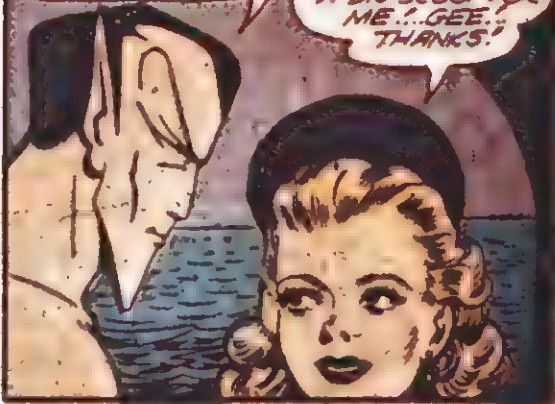
BETTY SEEKS OUT SUB-MARINE.....

...AND EDMUND WHITAKER ISN'T THROWING THIS PARTY FOR FUN. HE VOWED TO FIND THE MURDERER OF HIS FATHER... HE MAY BE ONTO SOMETHING.



AND I SUPPOSE YOU WANT ME TO GET THE LONG-DOWN FOR YOU?

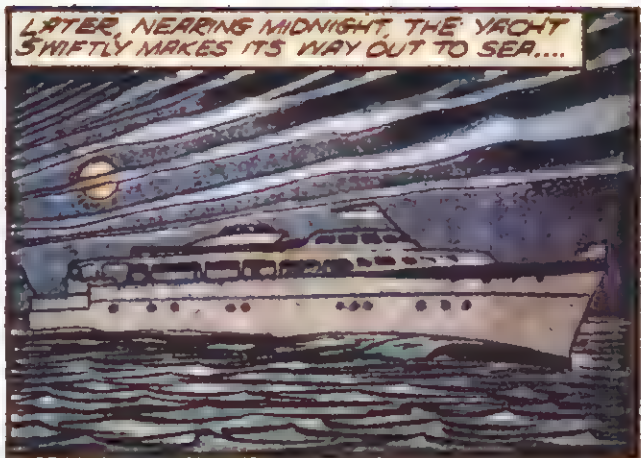
OH! WOULD YOU PLEASE, PRINCE NAMOR? ...IT MIGHT MEAN A BIG SCOOP FOR ME...GEE, THANKS.



OH, WELL OKAY?



LATER, NEARING MIDNIGHT, THE YACHT SNIFFLY MAKES ITS WAY OUT TO SEA....



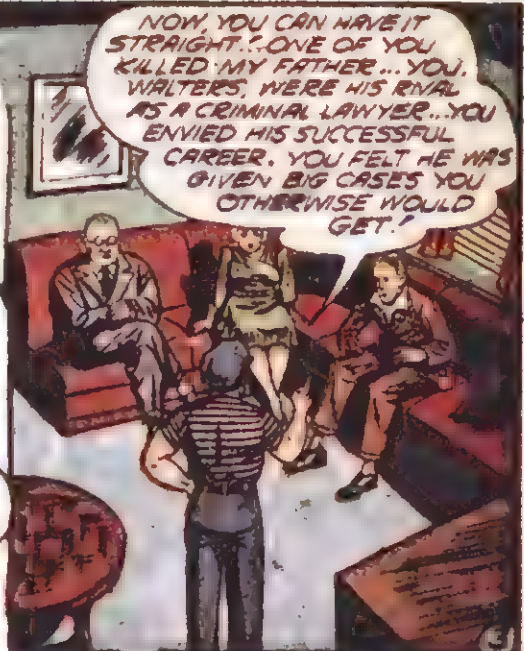
THIS IS OUT FAR ENOUGH. I'LL SET THE COURSE AND WE'LL ALL GO TO THE CLUB SALON.

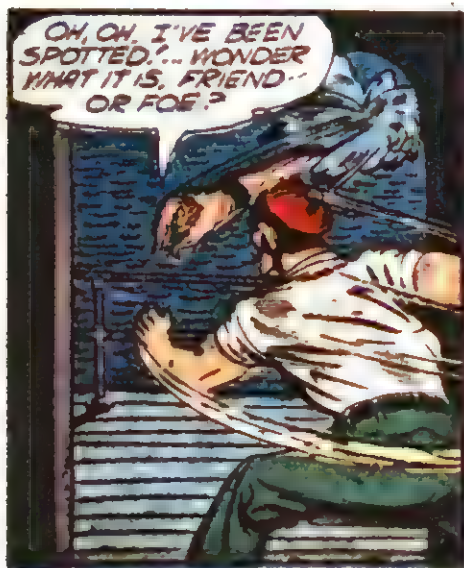
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, ED?

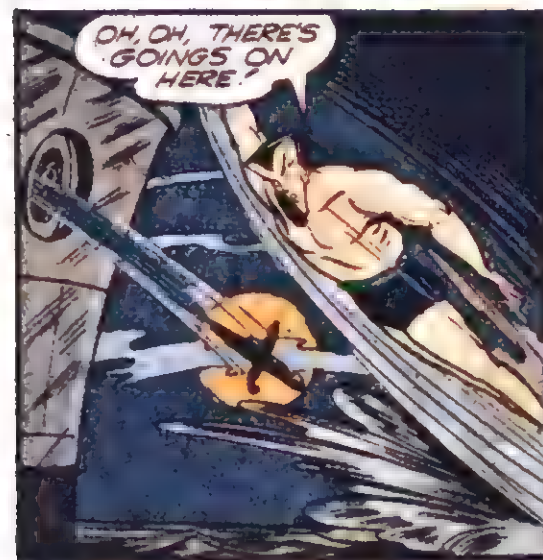
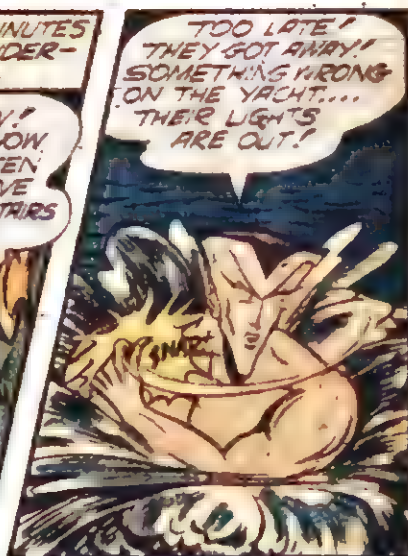
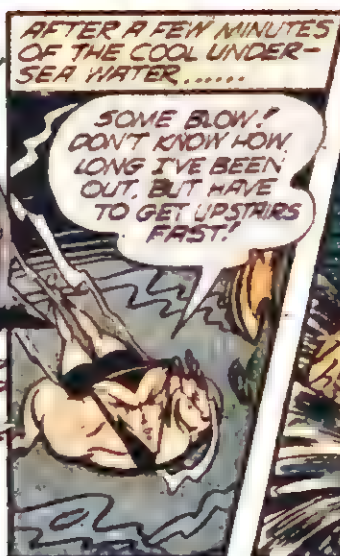
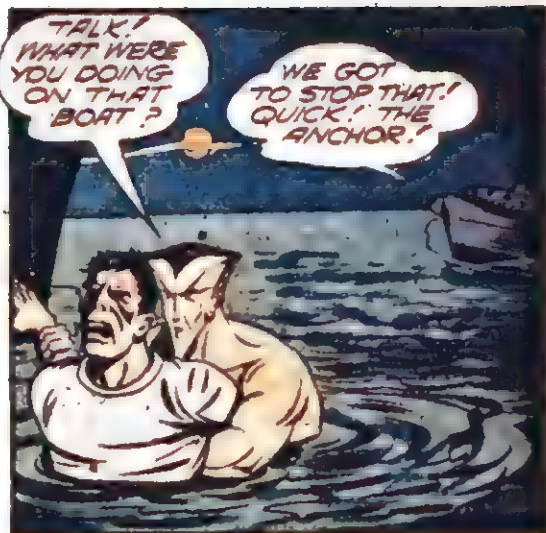
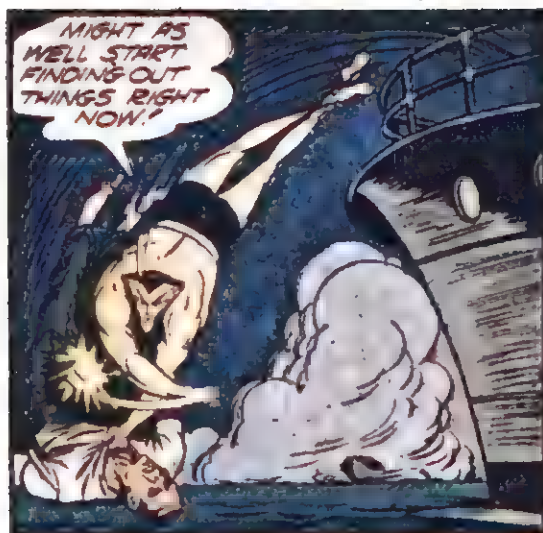


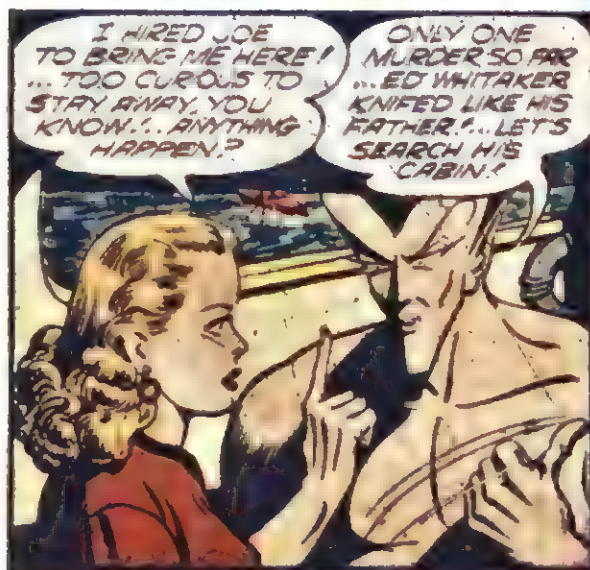
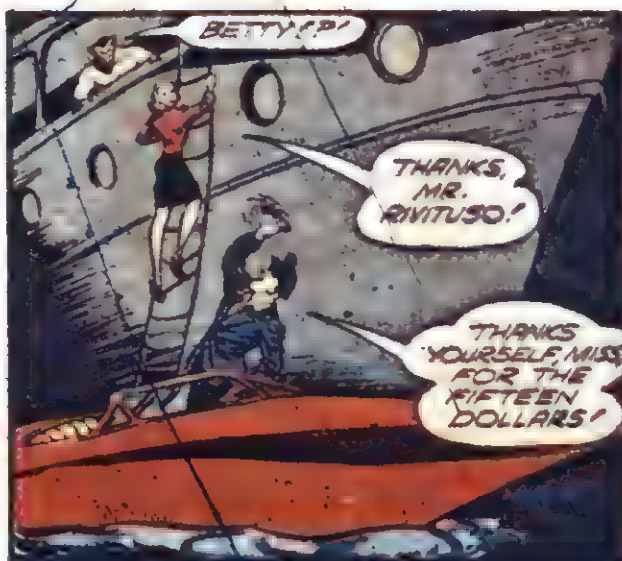
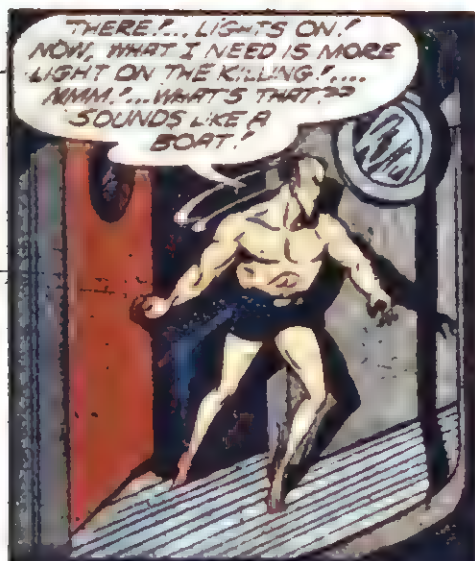
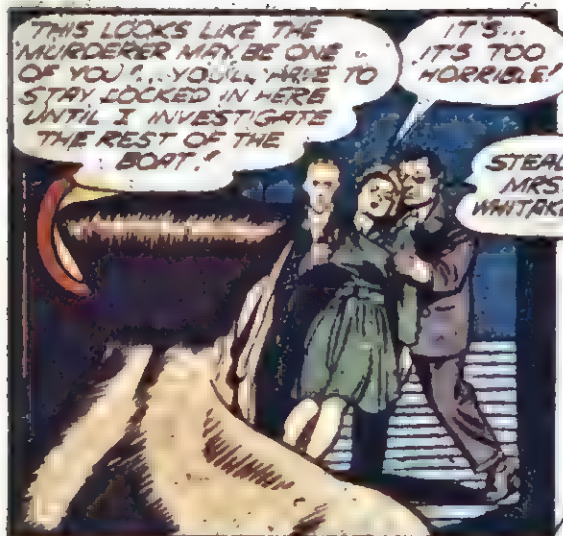
YES! WHY HAVE YOU INVITED ONLY US?

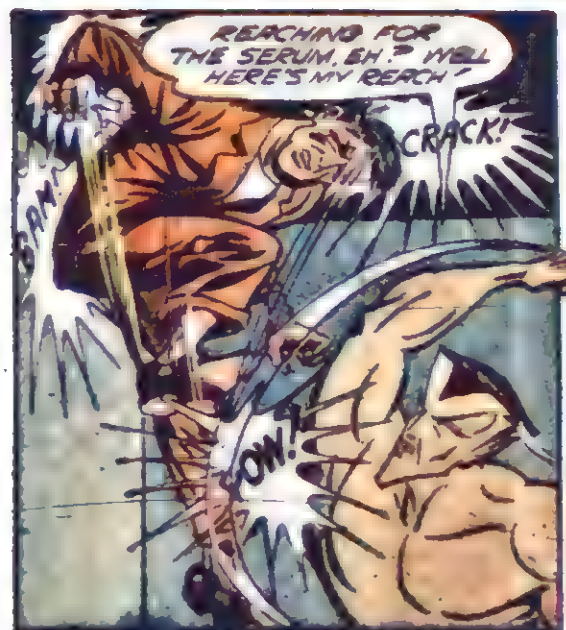
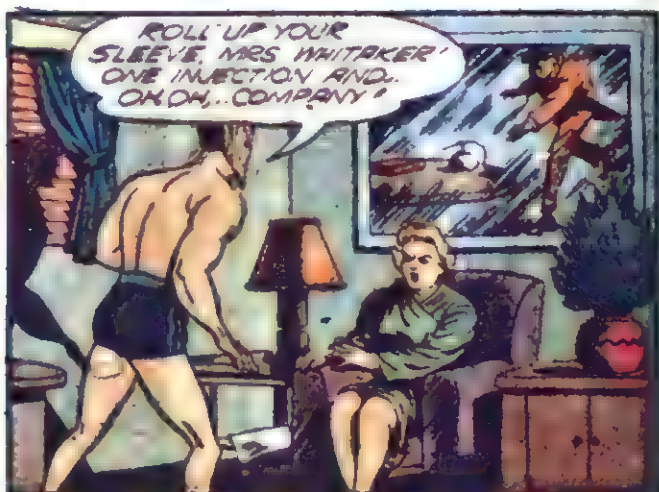
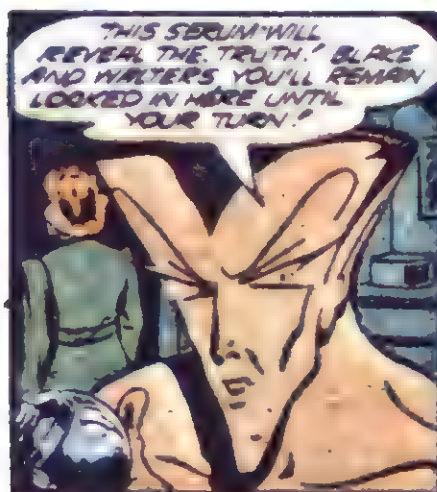
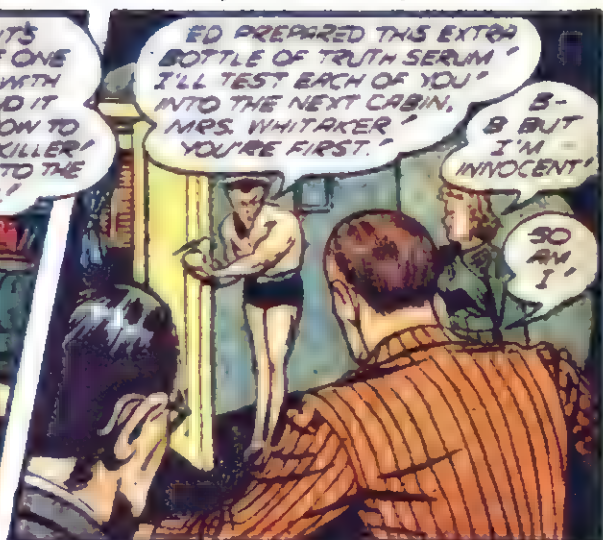
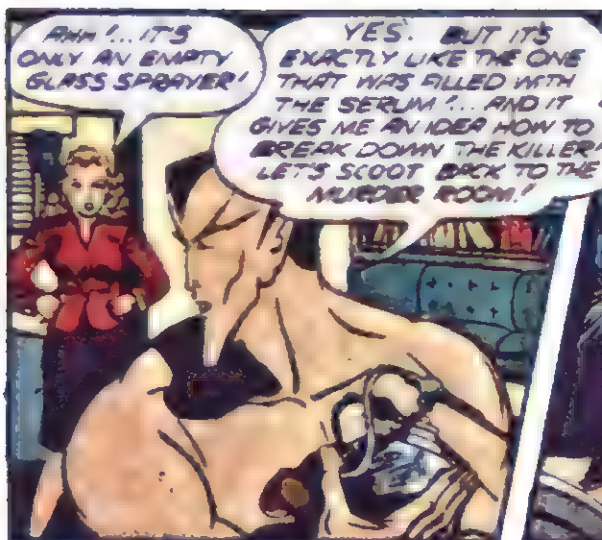
NOW, YOU CAN HAVE IT STRAIGHT...ONE OF YOU KILLED MY FATHER...YOU, WALTERS, WERE HIS RIVAL AS A CRIMINAL LAWYER...YOU ENVIED HIS SUCCESSFUL CAREER. YOU FELT HE WAS GIVEN BIG CASES YOU OTHERWISE WOULD GET?

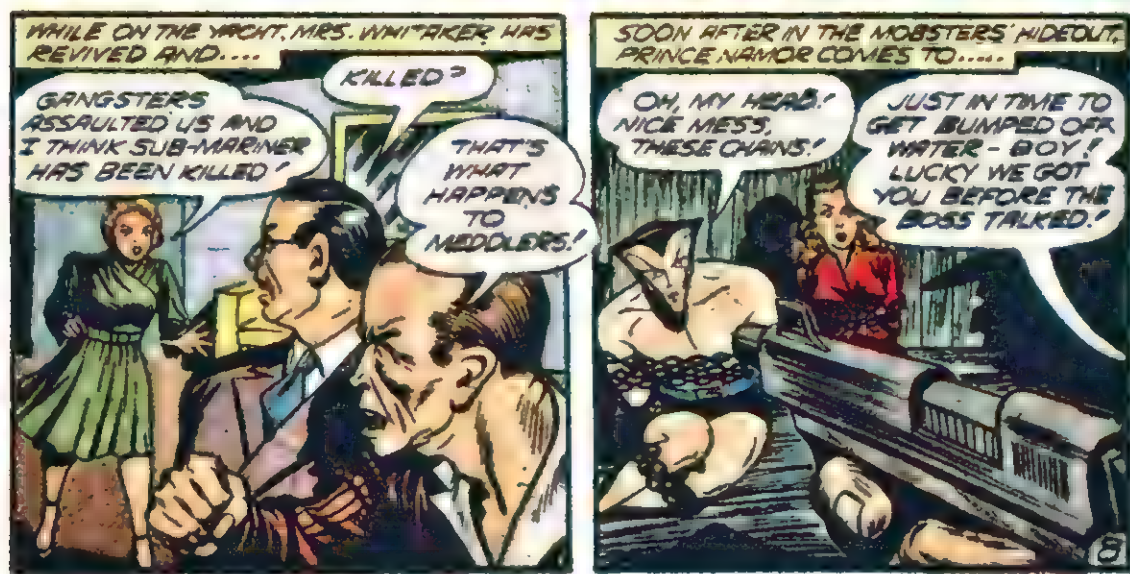
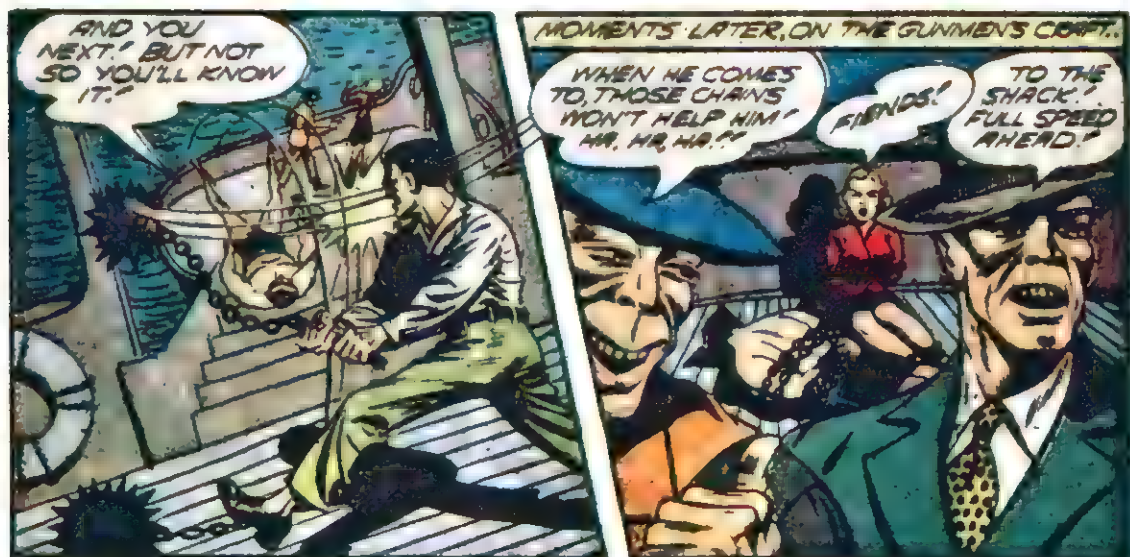


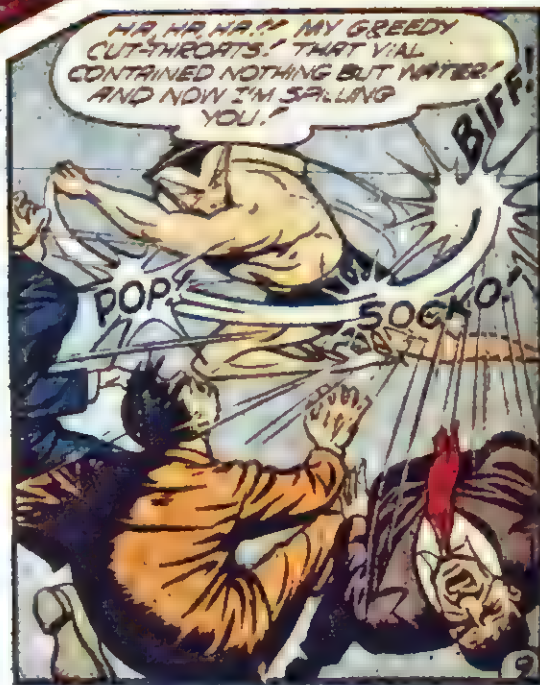
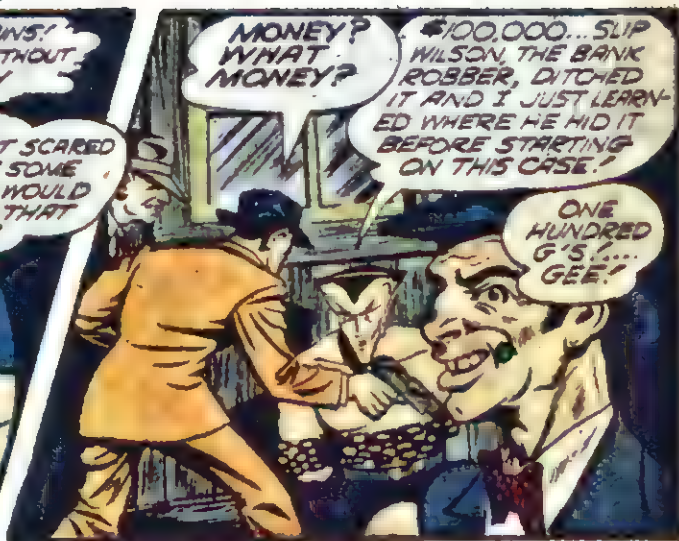
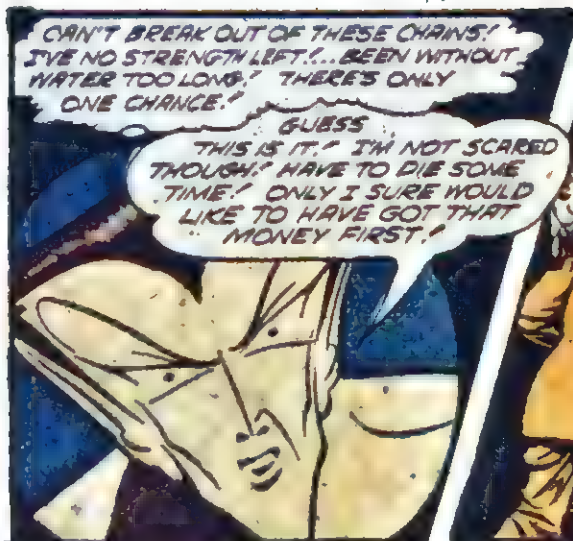


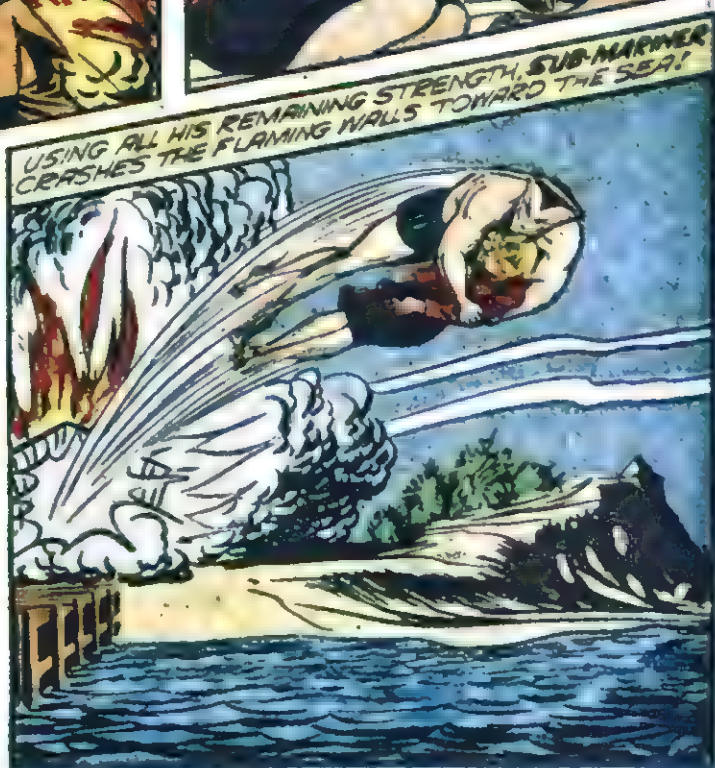
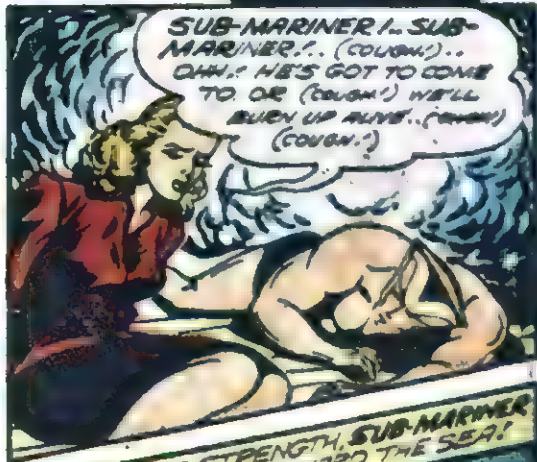


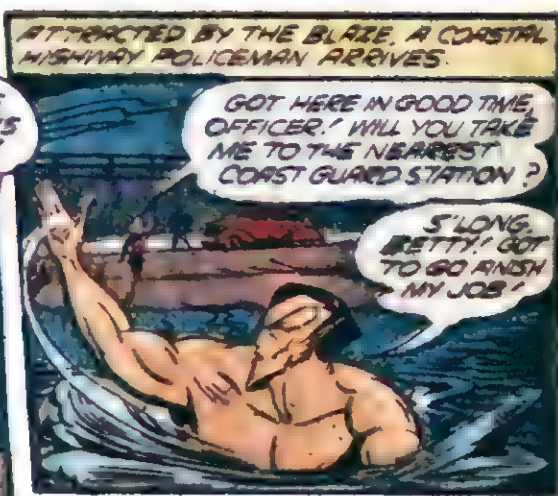


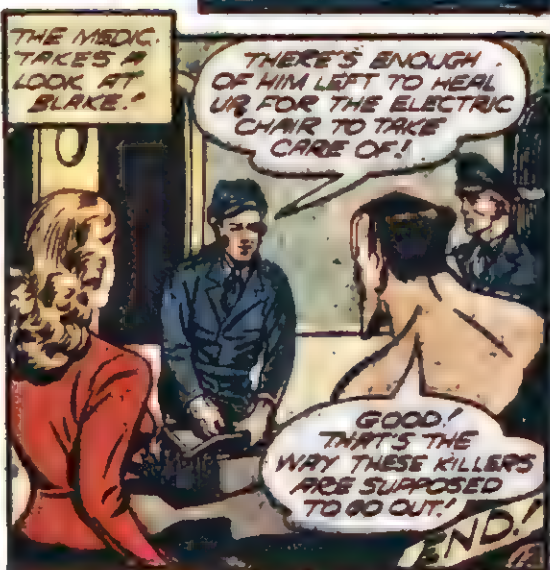
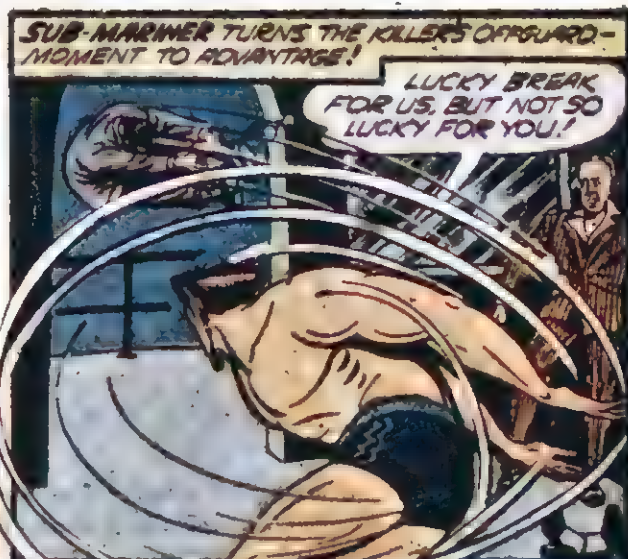












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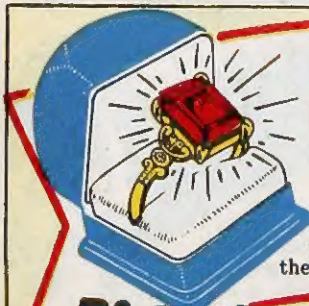
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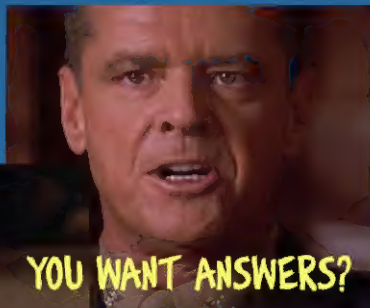
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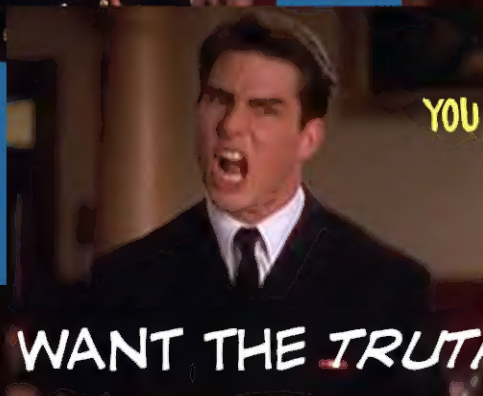
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